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## CRITICAL CURIOSITIES.

LOCKE'S understanding was not creditably displayed when he endorsed the opinion of his friend Molyneux, that, Milton excepted, all English poets were mere ballad-makers beside 'everlasting Blackmore.' Equally unhappy as a critic was Waller, when he pronounced *Paradise Lost* a tedious poem, whose only merit was its length; Walpole dismissed *Humphry Clinker* as a party novel, written by a profligate hireling; and Rymer set Cowley's epic above Tasso's *Jerusalem*. Pope saw his *Essay on Criticism* written down as 'a pert, insipid heap of commonplace;' his *Windsor Castle* described as 'an obscure, ambiguous, barbarous rhapsody;' and had the pleasure of informing a friend—who told him there was a thing just out called an *Essay on Man*, which was most abominable stuff, without coherence or connection—that he had seen the 'thing' before it went to press, since it was his own writing; upon which the astonished critic seized his hat, 'blushed, bowed, and took his leave for ever!' Scott's novels have been called panto-mimes, and Dickens's stories pot-house pleasantries. Ritson discovered Burns did not appear to his usual advantage in song-writing; and Mrs Lenox found out that Shakspeare lacked invention, and was deficient in judgment!

A collection of Shakspearean criticisms would make a very curious volume, but it would hardly contain an odder example than that of the swell who complained that *Hamlet* was 'doeced full of quotations.' Worthy Mr Pepys, who, despite sundry vows of theatrical abstinence, found himself pretty regularly in the playhouse, has set down in his Diary his honest opinions of the plays he saw. The most insipid, ridiculous play he ever saw in his life was *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; he was pleased by no part of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; and *Othello*, which he had esteemed a mighty good play, became a mean thing in his eyes after reading *The Adventures of Five Hours*. On the other hand, he admired *Hamlet* exceedingly, when Betterton played the hero; and *Macbeth* he

considered 'an excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy; which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper here and suitable;' while that 'most innocent play,' *The Tempest*, although displaying no great wit, was yet 'good above ordinary plays.' It must be remembered, in the Secretary's behalf, that the versions of Shakspeare's plays witnessed by him were too often the adaptations of Dryden and other marrers of the great dramatist's works. Oliver Goldsmith had not that excuse for his depreciation of Shakspeare. He was especially offended by the famous 'To be or not to be' soliloquy, which he calls a chaos of incongruous metaphors, proving his case in the following fashion: 'If the metaphors were reduced to painting, we should find it a very difficult task, if not altogether impracticable, to represent with any propriety outrageous Fortune using her slings and arrows, between which there is no sort of analogy in nature. Neither can any figure be more ridiculously absurd than that of a man taking arms against a sea; exclusive of the incongruous medley of slings, arrows, and seas, justled within the compass of one reflection. What follows is a strange rhapsody of broken images, of sleeping, dreaming, and shifting off a *coil*, which last conveys no idea that can be represented on canvas. A man may be exhibited shuffling off his garments or his chains; but how he should shuffle off a *coil*, which is another term for noise and tumult, we cannot comprehend. Then we have "long-lived Calamity," and "Time armed with whips and scorns;" and "patient Merit spurned at by Unworthiness;" and "Misery with a bare bodkin going to make his own *quietus*," which is at best but a mean metaphor. These are followed by figures "sweating under fardles of burdens," "puzzled with doubts," "shaking with fears," and "flying from evils." Finally, we see "Resolution sicklied o'er with pale thought," a conception like that of representing health by sickness; and a "current of pith turned away so as to lose the name of action," which is both an error of fancy and a solecism in sense.'

Goldsmith also falls foul of Hamlet for describing death as

That undiscovered country, from whose bourne  
No traveller returns,

when he had just been talking with his father's spirit piping hot from purgatory.

When Professor Felton, reading *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to the captain of the ship of which he was a passenger, came to the description of Oberon sitting on a promontory listening to a mermaid on a dolphin's back, the seaman was disgusted. 'The dolphin's back,' said he, 'is as sharp as a razor, and no mermaid could possibly ride the beast unless she first saddled him!' Wallack the actor undertook to read *Macbeth* with a French friend, but the first scene proved enough for both; for the Frenchman broke out: 'Monsieur Vallake, you have told me dat Shakespeare is de poet of nature and common-sense; good! Now, vat is dis? Here is his play open—*Macbeth*—yes; good, very good! Well, here is tree old—old vat you call veetch, vid de broom and no close on at all—yes; upon the blasted heath—good! Von veetch say to de oder veetch: "Ven shall we tree meet agen?" De oder veetch she say: "In tondare;" de oder she say: "In lightning"—and she say to dem herself agen: "In rain!" *Eh bien!* now dis is not nature! dis is not common-sense! Oh, no! De tree old veetch shall nevare go out to meet upon de blasted heath with no close on in tondare, lightning, and in rain. Ah, no! It is not common-sense! *ma foi*, dey stay at home!—aha!' Such matter-of-fact criticism reminds us of the story told by the Rev. Newman Hall of the negro preacher who informed his flock that Adam was made of wet clay, and set up against some palings to dry; and upon a sceptical darkey rising to ask: 'Who made the palings, den?' retorted: 'Sit down, sar! such questions as dat would upet any system ob teology!'

Extorted criticisms are apt to prove severe ones, and no wonder; the victim, if he has any spirit, naturally resenting what seems an attempt to force him to flatter the extorter. When Henderson the actor asked Johnson what he thought of Joseph Reed's *Dido*, the doctor replied: 'Sir, I never did the man an injury, yet he would read his tragedy to me!' A Scotch lady, pressed in the author's presence to express her opinion of a poem called *Eternity*, said: 'It is a bonny poem, and weel named *Eternity*, for it will never be read in time!'—a verdict for which, doubtless, the poet was very grateful. No man, perhaps, ever extorted such a compliment out of another as Boswell did out of Lord Thurlow; when, just after the publication of his famous book, Johnson's biographer stopped him, as he was hurrying to the House of Lords, with: 'Have you read my book?' and received for an answer: 'Yes, hang you! every word of it—I couldn't help myself!'

Sometimes a man's friends favour him with criticism, none the more welcome because it comes unsolicited. Richard Wagner sent Offenbach a copy of his work, *Le Règne des Juifs dans la Musique*, which his brother-composer acknowledged thus: 'DEAR WAGNER—You will do better to write music!' Upon this, the musician of the future forwarded his *Meistersinger*, eliciting a second note from Offenbach: 'DEAR WAGNER—On reflection, you will do better, I think, to continue writing books!' When Thomson sent a

presentation copy of his *Winter* to Joseph Mitchell, the latter wrote back:

Beauties and faults so thick lie scattered here,  
Those I could read if these were not so near.

An ungracious acknowledgment of the gift, stinging the poet to reply:

Why all not faults, injurious Mitchell? Why  
Appears one beauty to thy blasted eye?  
Damnation worse than thine, if worse can be,  
Is all I ask, and all I want from thee!

We may be sure Sir Walter was more amused than offended when his faithful Purdie, after delighting him with the assurance that the novels were invaluable to him, went on: 'For when I've been out all day hard at work, and come home tired, I take up one of your novels, and I'm asleep directly.' Fancy Mr Hatton's delight, after playing in his best style two of Bach's finest fugues at a London concert, at being told that a lady who was present, on being asked next day how she liked the pianoforte-playing, replied that there was none; the only thing approaching to instrumental music she had heard the whole evening was when some one came in between the parts and *tuned the piano!* Mr Marquis Chisholm found his pianoforte-playing better appreciated by the good folks of Yokohama: he did not indulge in fugues, but gave them some of their own favourite airs; and upon paying a second visit, the grateful Japanese presented him with a sort of testimonial, in the shape of a sketch of himself, surrounded with high-flown panegyrics of him and his instrument. But there was one note none of his admirers would translate for his edification; however, he found somebody to help him in the difficulty, and discovered the troublesome sentences ran thus: 'Mystery. The loss of one great man is a whole nation's grief; a man of true genius should be best known and most encouraged in the place of his birth. Hence, if this Marquis Chisholm is a great man in his own country—why didn't he stay there?'

Professional jealousy has occasionally paid unwilling homage to the merit of a rival. When the painter Le Brun heard of Le Scur's death, he exclaimed: 'I feel as if a thorn had been taken out of my foot.' What actor could desire a stronger testimony to his versatility than that wrung from Kitty Clive as she anxiously watched Garrick from the wings, and at last blurted out: 'Confound the fellow, he could act a gridiron!' Mistress Clive was happy at concentrated criticism; it would be difficult to say more in a few words than she did when she described the acting of Siddons as 'all truth and daylight.' Pacchiarotti the opera-singer extorted an involuntary compliment when singing one night in Metastasio's *Artaxerxes*; all at once the orchestra became mute; turning angrily to the leader, Pacchiarotti asked what they were about. Awaking as if from a trance, the musician sobbed out: 'We are crying, sir.' So at Farinelli's first rehearsal in England, the members of the orchestra were so dumfounded by his splendid singing that they quite forgot to do their part in the performance. A still greater compliment was paid him by Senesino, who had to play a ferocious tyrant in an opera wherein Farinelli figured as his captive. Farinelli's very first song so charmed his fellow-singer, that, forgetting his assumed character altogether, Senesino ran towards his supposed victim,

and fairly embraced him. Music had indeed charmed the savage.

Varelet the flower-painter was happily flattered by Matthew Prior when he wrote :

When famed Varelet this little wonder drew,  
Flora vouchsafed the growing work to view;  
Finding the painter's science at a stand,  
The goddess snatched the pencil from his hand,  
And, finishing the piece, she, smiling, said :  
'Behold one work of mine shall never fade !'

Very happy, too, though not so complimentary, is Macaulay's description of Atterbury's defence of *The Letters of Phalaris*, as 'the very best book ever written on the wrong side of a question, of both sides of which the writer was profoundly ignorant.' In as profound ignorance did Victor Hugo take up his pen to acknowledge a poetical epistle from Roubaix, telling his unknown correspondent : 'I distinctly see your image in your verses ; your every idea came out of a head surrounded by a wreath of blonde ringlets. Oh, my child, may you retain for a long time those tresses which the scissors of age have not yet touched !' The recipient of this tender apostrophe was a man of sixty-five, and a bricklayer to boot !

The well-known remark of the countryman contemplating the pigs portrayed by a great painter, that they were plaguy like pigs, but no one ever saw three pigs feeding together but one of them had a foot in the trough, is a fair example of practical criticism. We are indebted to the late Cardinal Wiseman for another. At the Manchester Exhibition was a large fresco of the Death of Absalom. On the one side was seen the Jewish prince hanging by his hair from the branches of an oak ; on the other was the mule he had been riding, galloping away, wild and scared. Two men, evidently of horsey proclivities, looked at the picture a long time in silence ; at length one of them exclaimed : 'Well, he deserves it ! What a stupid fellow he must have been to think of riding such a vicious brute as that with nothing but a snaffle !' A good story, too, was that told by the same dignitary, of the English gentleman taking his Yorkshire groom through the Vatican Museum, and making him halt in the centre of the Salla della Biga before a marble model of an ancient chariot drawn by two horses running at full speed, with distended nostrils and dishevelled manes. 'Look at these two horses, and tell me what you think of them,' said the master. The Yorkshireman, interested at once, set about examining them in the same spirit as he would have done had they been living animals he was commissioned to buy. He patted the necks and flanks of the marble steeds, stroked their stony coats, and scrutinised them carefully from head to heel. 'Now,' said the gentleman, 'what do you say to them ?' 'Why, sir, that is a splendid animal ; I don't think much of t' other !' His judgment was not at fault ; the horse he admired was the work of the ancient sculptor, the one he did not think much of was a modern restoration. The practised eye of the groom recognised the truthfulness of the old artist. An artist may, however, be too truthful to please, as John Riley found out when Charles II. exclaimed, as he looked upon his own portrait by that painter : 'Is this like me ? Then, od's-fish, I am an ugly fellow !' Riley was too honest for courtly patrons, and it was

not surprising that Lely's pencil should be preferred to transmit the features of the frail beauties of his time to canvas ; whether he did transmit them, we may be allowed to doubt, after reading Mr Pepys' note : 'This day I did first see the Duke of York's room of pictures of some maids of honour, done by Lely ; good, but not like.'

Mr Lowell, in the mock-reviews affixed to his *Biglow Papers*, has smartly ridiculed the eccentricities of American criticism, and not without ample provocation. A San Francisco journalist, desiring to give his readers a faint idea of the performance of a band of Chinese musicians, asks them to imagine themselves 'in a boiler-manufactory where five hundred men are putting in rivets, a mammoth tin shop next door on one side, and a forty-stamp quartz-mill upon the other, with a drunken charivari party with six hundred instruments in front, and four thousand enraged cats on the roof.' A Philadelphian newspaper takes an actress to task in the following pleasant fashion : 'We took the liberty of telling Miss Western, that though misery and remorse may be expressed by letting a long piece of black wool hang out of the mouth, and munching it abstractedly, there are better ways of revealing the emotions of the soul. But Miss Western persists in chawing her shawl night after night with a regularity and exactness which indicates she considers it very fine art.' An irreverent art-critic declared the Washington statue in Boston State-house conveyed to any one looking upon it for the first time the unæsthetic impression that it represented a man getting up in his night-shirt and attempting to light the gas. Criticisms to match the above might be gathered in any quantity from the columns of American newspapers ; but it would be hard to find one couched in stranger form than that given utterance to by the independent editor, as he styled himself, of the *Nevada Union Gazette*, when speaking of Carlyle and Tennyson—'Guess them thar men ken sling ink, they ken !'

## NOT WOODED, BUT WON.

### CHAPTER XXXVL.—A HURRIED DEPARTURE.

THE interest which the two portraits had awakened in Mabel's mind was extreme, and yet she found it impossible to get another word from Mrs Merthyr respecting their original. It was evident that the housekeeper repented having been even so communicative on the point as she had been. Mabel had, as the fact of her being Mrs Winthrop proved, a very keen sense of honour, and was certainly not the sort of woman who likes to gossip with her serving-maid ; but she was a woman, and curiosity so far got the better of her that, when Vance was brushing her long brown hair that night, she put this question to her : 'Were you here much in the late Mrs Winthrop's time ?'

'Now and then, ma'am, for odd jobs ; but I saw a deal of her for a certain reason ;' and Carry sighed deeply.

'Not a painful one, I hope ?' returned her mistress.

'Yes, ma'am ; it was by reason of a very sad and bad affair. I had a sister—dead now, poor soul—to whom Mr Horn behaved very ill.'

'Dear, dear, I had no idea of that,' said Mabel,

flushing to her forehead. 'Pray, forgive me for having alluded to it. I am so sorry.'

'To do her justice, poor Mrs Winthrop was sorry too,' was the girl's quiet rejoinder. 'I shall never forget her coming to our cottage when my sister died, and bearing the hard words my mother gave her, just as the patient cattle bear their blows. She only gave one answer: "It is better, Mrs Vance, to lose your child, than to have one grow up as mine has done."'

'Hush, hush, Carry; you must not tell me such tales as these,' said Mabel softly, 'even if they are true ones.'

'True, ma'am?' echoed the girl, in a tone of self-contempt. 'Every one at Wapshot knows it true, and has taken care that I should know that they know it.'

'I am so sorry,' repeated Mabel softly.

'You have a kind heart, ma'am, as the other Mrs Winthrop had,' sobbed Carry; 'and I pray that it may not be broken, as hers was. People said as she was mad; but if that was so, he as broke her heart doubtless stole her brains—that was her own son.'

'This is most shocking,' said Mabel. 'Pray, tell me no more. Remember that Mr Horn is my husband's son.'

'He is, ma'am; more's the pity,' continued Carry in a state of uncontrollable excitement; 'though how he can be so, passes belief. Master and he are no more like one another than racehorse and wild bull. Nor, so far as I could ever see, was Mr Horn like his mother neither, though I have heard tell that it was not always so.'

'He is like her picture in the gallery,' said Mabel, 'in feature, though not in expression.'

'Ay, but have you seen her picture in Mrs Merthyr's room, ma'am—the one with the silk curtain before it? He is not a bit like that; and that's how I knew the poor lady—thin, and gray, and pale, and looking like one as has got a heavy burden at her heart, as without doubt she had. Some called her "fanciful;" but her troubles were real enough, Heaven knows.'

'Thank you, Carry; that will do,' said Mabel, referring to the brushing of her hair, but with an indirect reference to the topic under discussion, which the waiting-maid could not but understand.

'You are not angry with me, ma'am, I hope?' said the girl, as she took her leave; 'but I scarcely know what I say when anybody speaks of Mr Horn.'

It was certainly not to be expected of Mabel that she should feel any resentment on behalf of her step-son, so that she confined herself to saying that the subject had better not be resumed between them.

Curiously enough, the same unpleasant topic was forced upon Mabel the next morning, in quite another fashion. A letter was brought to her as she was dressing, from Martha, and in it an enclosure addressed in an unknown hand. She read Martha's letter first—a tender and loving one, which brought the tears into her eyes, and filled her heart with a warmth it had not known for months; but it had this postscript:

'Just as I had finished my epistle, who should look in but Mr Horn Winthrop! He tells me you and your husband are such gadabouts, that he does not know your address. When I said: "Why, they are at home at Wapshot," he was, or affected to be,

quite surprised. "Well, as you are writing," said he, "perhaps you will be so good as to enclose these few lines to your cousin." Why he did not post them himself, I cannot imagine. Between ourselves, I don't greatly like Mr Horn, my dear; a very inferior person to his father, I feel sure, and not quite a gentleman. He staid a week at Brackmere after your marriage, during which time he amused himself, it seems, by endeavouring to pump out of our excellent Rachel everything she knew about you. Of course he got no information; but the attempt to obtain it in such a fashion was most shameful.'

When Mabel read this, she knew at once by what means Horn Winthrop had become informed of her having received Richard's anonymous gift. What webs of fraud and meanness was not this creature capable of spinning, to obtain his cruel ends! It was with a shudder of fear, almost as much as of loathing, that she took up his note.

DEAR STEP-MOTHER—I take this means of writing to you under safe cover, lest my father, whose little foibles you have doubtless discovered by this time, should be jealous even of me. I have written to him by the same post to ask for a little more money than usual, and rely upon your good offices to get it. If I had any anonymous friend to send me bank-notes, I would not trouble you. In case of there being any difficulty about the matter—which, from what I know of your good sense, I am far from anticipating—you will soon see me at Wapshot in person. I hope this will not be necessary, since, when it is not the shooting-season, I am conscious of being rather a nuisance in a country house. Verbum sap. H. W.

It was with small appetite, as may be well imagined, that poor Mabel went down to breakfast. She had lingered lovingly over the contents of Martha's letter, and consequently found Mr Winthrop already at table. His face was so troubled, and his manner so distant, that she was perforce compelled to ask him what was the matter, although she knew but too well.

'It is this letter from Horn,' he said, pushing the thing in question peevishly away from his plate. 'He is a leech, a blood-sucker; but he shall find me resolute this time. He talks of his heirship, forsooth; but if he had his own way, there would soon be nothing for him to inherit.'

'I suppose your son's expenses are great?' said Mabel quietly.

'His extravagances are, madam,' returned Mr Winthrop with irritation. 'He has an allowance amply sufficient to keep him in luxury, and—Expenses great! why, those are the very words he uses, madam. May I ask to what my son is indebted for this most unexpected, and to me inexplicable pleading on his behalf?' Mr Winthrop had risen from his seat, excited and angry. 'I don't understand, madam,' he continued, 'this sympathy for a step-son.'

The words that she had just been reading came into Mabel's mind, 'lest he be jealous even of me,' and with them the recollection of a certain interview at Shingleton, when Mr Winthrop had accused her of pique at the sudden departure of his son. She also rose, and returned to her husband's fiery looks a glance of scorn.

'I don't know what you mean, Miles, and I don't seek to know. If you ask me if I have any



sympathy with your son, I tell you I have none; far from it. He may be the heir of all the Winthrops, but he is not, in my opinion, even a gentleman.'

'We will not say that, if you please, Mrs Winthrop,' said her husband, but not vehemently, and at the same time rescating himself in his chair.

'I have a right to say anything, Miles, when you impute to me such things. Why I plead for him, however—if you choose so to turn my words—is because I do not wish to form the subject of contention between son and father. I mean'—she added, for the fire had leaped again from her husband's eyes—'in respect of this wretched money. It seems that I have cost you something since our marriage, which has somehow come from this young man's pocket. For Heaven's sake, let him have it, and spare me such scenes as these.'

Mabel spoke with a noble scorn, far beyond mere wounded dignity. She had not felt so outraged even by Horn's insults as now by his father's wild and wandering words. It was impossible even for him to misjudge her, to mistake her manner for aught but what it was, a just resentment at a mad and wicked imputation.

'Forgive me,' said he humbly—'forgive me, Mabel; I was not master of myself. This boy—But there, you shall read his letter for yourself;' and he passed it to her quite gently across the table.

'By no means, Miles,' answered she firmly. 'I do not wish to be privy to this matter at all, though your confidence in all others is what I wish to win.'

'And you shall have it, Mabel,' replied Mr Winthrop gratefully. 'I am proud and ill-humoured, I know, and you have borne with me very dutifully. I'—he placed his hand upon his heart, as though in pain—'I am much to blame in this matter, so far as you are concerned; I'—He grew deadly pale, and stopped.

'You are ill, Miles,' said Mabel anxiously, for she was both touched and frightened. 'Let me call for help.'

'No, no; I shall be better soon,' gasped Mr Winthrop. 'I am better now. It was only a passing faintness. The doctors say I must not excite myself.' Notwithstanding that he essayed to smile, he looked nervous and alarmed, and she saw that he was feeling his pulse beneath his wristband.

'I will talk to you again, Mabel, about this, but not just now. There will not need to be any argument: I will give him his answer once for all. Be so good as to come to my study in an hour.'

Mabel was there at the time appointed. Her husband had an open letter in his hand, which he had apparently just written: it was very short, but the torn paper that bestrewed his desk shewed that it was not the first that he had penned. He motioned her to a chair, and spoke as follows, very calmly, though it plainly cost him no little effort to be calm. 'You have said, Mabel, that Horn is not a gentleman; and I am bound to say that his conduct does not belie your words—still he is my son—at present my only son, and at all events, will inherit—at no distant date—this vast estate. Well, for your sake, I have broken with him.' Mabel held up her head, and strove to speak, but Mr Winthrop exclaimed 'Silence!' in so sharp a tone, that she dared not disobey

him. 'I am wrong in saying that it is for your sake only,' he resumed, 'since I hope—since we both hope—there will be another concerned in the matter, in time, whose interests should be very dear to you. If I died to-morrow, Mabel, yourself and the child that you carry within you would be beggars, dependent on this man's mercy for a crust of bread.' Mabel could not repress a shudder. 'This ought not to be, and shall not. When I saw my son at Brackmere, I gave him—and it was a wrong to you and yours—a great sum, sufficient for his needs for years, and he writes me that it is all gone. He can get money if he pleases by speculating on my death, he says; well, let him. He shall have no more beyond his allowance, from me. I mean it. For the rest of my life, what I have to spare will be laid by for you and yours. I have written—here—to say that that is my unalterable resolution. He cannot credit you with this ill turn, for I have let him know that you endeavoured to excuse him, and even to subordinate your interests to his own.'

Mabel bowed her head in genuine gratitude. It really seemed as though her husband had undesignedly hit upon the very plan that promised her protection. But would Horn believe him? Or if he did so, would he not at once come down in fury to Wapshot, and tell his father what he knew. From what she had seen of her husband that morning, she feared such a disclosure more than ever; in his state of health, and with his morbid feelings, it might even kill him on the spot. If she had only had the courage to tell it to him herself—and indeed, she would have done so if he had encouraged her by any show of confidence, such as he was now, too late, exhibiting—all might now have been well; she might have defied Horn's utmost malignity; but as it was, her long concealment of the fact of Richard's gift, would, she felt only too surely, attach in her husband's eyes the worst significance to it. It was evident from Horn's letter that he took it for granted that she had not revealed it, and now he would come and tell it with his own lips. He would not trust it to paper (she was well convinced of that), but would present himself at the Hall in person, and perhaps gain his end at once by slaying his father with the news.

If Mabel did not love her husband, she was a loyal wife, and his late unexpected tenderness to her, and foresight for her interests, had touched her heart. Moreover, should anything happen to him, he had said with truth that there would shortly be another life to bear the burden of poverty, and share the bitter cup of dependence with her. Beholden for the means of subsistence to Horn Winthrop she never indeed could be; but to whom else could she and her helpless infant turn? The divine instinct of the mother filled her breast, though her child was yet unborn; and she felt grateful to the man who was about to make provision for it, and would not listen to her self-abnegation.

'I have thought it best, Mabel, to put you in possession of what I have written,' resumed Mr Winthrop, 'because it is a matter which so nearly concerns your interests. Horn has nothing to complain of—nothing. It would be utterly inexcusable in him to take this matter in dudgeon. I cannot have him down here now, with his arguments and reproaches.' (He has reiterated his menace of

visiting Wapshot in person, then, thought Mabel with a cold shiver; and come he will.) 'I will not permit it,' went on Mr Winthrop peevishly. 'My state of health is far from what it should be; and the doctor tells me to avoid all worries and excitements. I wonder whether change of air would do me good?' Here he looked up with quite a cheerful air, as though a happy thought had struck him. 'We talked about going abroad, Mabel, at one time, didn't we? What do you say to spending a month or two in France, before the winter sets in? It wouldn't hurt you, would it?—But I'll consult Mrs Merthyr about that.'

'It would please me very much, Miles,' said Mabel eagerly. 'Let us go abroad, by all means. I can start at a day's notice, so far as I am concerned.'

'That is excellent,' said Mr Winthrop approvingly. 'It is rather late for a foreign trip, and, therefore, we cannot be away too soon. Shall we say the day after to-morrow, then?'

To this Mabel gladly assented. She was well aware that her husband was fleeing from Wapshot because his son had threatened to visit it; and the chief desire of her own heart at that moment was as much in unison with his, as though they had been a pair of lovers waiting for the leaden hours to pass that intervene 'twixt now and wedding-day. The apprehension which Mr Winthrop so unmistakably exhibited, intensified, however, her own fears. It did not escape her attention that his letter was not despatched until the succeeding day, so that by the time Horn received it, they must needs already be on their way. How formidable must the anger of this young man be, of which even his own father stood in fear!

A foreboding of evil, such as she had known but once before, took possession of her, and with it a vague terror, such as she had never known, which made her wish that instead of the narrow sea, she was about to place between herself and her stepson the breadth of the Atlantic, or a hemisphere.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.—A LOCK OF HAIR.

From the moment that Mr Winthrop left home, his old peevishness and dissatisfaction with all about him returned with tenfold force. No relic of his late frankness or tenderness remained, to shew that they had ever existed; and indeed his manner was so tart and fretful, that it seemed as though he were angry with himself for having had the weakness to exhibit them. It must be conceded, however, that he was very far from well: though still comparatively young, his constitution had apparently given way, his nerves were shattered, and in his impatience of discomforts, and alarm at obstacles, he offered indeed a sad contrast to the man who had once been the most intrepid of travellers, and had chosen for his first matrimonial trip a voyage round the world. The sole benefit that his former experience seemed to have bequeathed to him was an immunity from sea-sickness; and fortunate it was for Mabel that, in her case too, nature was kind, and did not add that ineffable misery to the peevish complaints and ceaseless fidgeting about rugs and wraps which her ears had to endure. The unhappy Vance was prostrate and useless. 'Whatever it may cost, ma'am, and though I pay it out of my own wages,' she murmured, contemptuous of geographical difficulties, 'I shall return home by land.'

In common with the rest of the Wapshot household, she ordinarily stood in much awe of her master; but not on board the packet. The wave is as great a leveller as the grave; and when Mr Winthrop, annoyed by the spray, demanded of her imperiously what had become of the umbrellas, she only turned a half-glazed eye upon him and murmured a reckless 'Lost.' Mr Winthrop, in fact, was no longer a valetudinarian, but a hypochondriac. Depressed himself, he resented liveliness in others, and hence—to begin with—the whole French nation incurred his severe disapproval. The clatter and chatter of the *tables-d'hôte* he pronounced to be intolerable, and yet not so *triste* and suicide-suggestive as a dinner alone in their own apartment. On the whole, it was a sad time for Mabel, this first foreign trip of hers, which is commonly the brightest and most memorable feature of a young girl's life. What annoyed her most, perhaps, was the pity that the good-natured French servants shewed her. 'All will be well, and Monsieur very kind,' whispered one sharp-eyed *soubrette*, who had come upon her suddenly as she wept, 'when the little master comes.'

The hotel where this happened was in a seaport where they staid some days, and among other excursions explored the fishermen's quarter. The tawdry church, with its wretched daubs of pictures and poor thank-offerings of toy-craft, excited Mr Winthrop's contempt, while the odour of herrings that pervaded the whole quarter disgusted him; even his artistic taste seemed to have deserted him, for he saw no picturesqueness in the bulging houses and narrow net-crossed streets. In one of these, seated on the stone step of a doorway, was a woman with a sick child in her arms: always tender-hearted, Mabel was just now more than ever moved to pity by such sights, and she stopped to say a few kind words; while she did so, her husband grew impatient, and bade her, in no very gentle tones, to come away, lest she should catch a fever from the little brat. The woman, who understood his meaning from his manner, looked up with a significant smile. 'Never mind, my pretty lady,' said she: 'to judge by his looks, the gentleman will not live long, and then Heaven send you a husband more worthy of you!'

It would have been better for Mabel, as well as for herself, if her husband had not understood French; for though he answered nothing, nor ever alluded to the subject afterwards, the iron of this unhappy remark seemed to have entered into his soul. He grew more moody and morose than ever; and on some occasions (though never impolite) even unkind. Instead of travel benefiting his health, it had manifestly the very contrary effect; while as for Mabel, the foreign scenes failed altogether to distract her mind, or lighten the dark presentiments that still oppressed her. Straight highways between poplars, with level wastes of treeless fields on either side, were henceforth to be her memories of the country; the spacious gloom of half-filled churches, or the melancholy of some damp museum, those of the town. What she saw that was bright and buoyant, jarred by contrast with her own feelings—the gaiety of young people whom they met at table; and, most of all, the mutual happiness of bride and bridegroom on their wedding tour. It was not, Heaven knows, that she grudged others the joys

that were not for her, but the contemplation of them—the involuntary comparison, perhaps, of the what *was* and the what *might have been*, in her own case, made her sick at heart. Only the children pleased her—the little children, who, at sight of her sweet smile, would come and link their trustful hands in hers, and lift their cherry lips to win her kiss. Even in the convent-schools, where life from the very first is emptied of all impulse, the slate-clad stony children warmed towards her as she passed through their clean colourless rooms and cheerless corridors. If, despite the iron discipline to which their little hearts had been subjected, not a few envied the handsome young English lady, who lived a life of pleasure out in the sunny world, certainly none guessed how Mabel in her turn envied *them*, their monotonous, uneventful, loveless days, and still more those of them who, their pure lives over, lay in the little God's-acre without, at rest for ever.

Little, however, as Mabel enjoyed her foreign tour, her spirits sank even lower when it was concluded, and they turned their faces homeward. They were the very last of the tourists; the autumn had long been over, and winter had set in in earnest, even in France. At Wapshot, snow was on the fells, and ice upon the lake. The leafless park looked inexpressibly dreary, as its iron gates closed behind them with sharp clang; and, though lights and fires did all they could in the way of welcome, the Hall itself, with its vast chambers, seemed less like home to its young mistress than ever. Even her husband, though nervous and fidgety about his own health to the last degree, noticed her wan pale looks. There was a reason for them, however, he argued; then felt his pulse, and measured his wine, and began another novel of Balzac's: it was essential, the physician said, to keep his mind agreeably occupied.

No letter or communication of any kind had come from Horn, since his last demand for money had been refused. This silence, in one so uncontrollable and fierce, caused, it was plain, Mr Winthrop great uneasiness, though he was too proud to speak of it. It filled Mabel also with vague alarm, but not with the terror that the sight of his handwriting—much more of his evil face—would have caused her. Nevertheless, for her husband's sake, she made an effort at reconciliation.

She was on the sofa in her boudoir, which opened from the bedroom, and Mr Winthrop had been reading to her from a volume of her own choice, Dickens's *Christmas Carol*. It was not a book after his own taste, and he had laid it down after a little, with a cynical criticism.

'It is most artificial and ridiculous to make this fuss about Christmas,' continued he peevishly; 'one is no better at that season, that I know of, than any other: rather worse, indeed, on account of the rheumatism.'

'Still, it is not artificial and ridiculous to forgive and forget, Miles; especially in the case of one's own flesh and blood.'

'If you allude to Horn,' said Mr Winthrop quickly—'a subject, by-the-bye, which we agreed was to be avoided—I have nothing to forgive him, more than usual, that is; and I would very gladly forget him, if I could.'

Curt as was his reply, Mabel could perceive in it that her husband was not altogether displeased by her appeal; and the phrase 'If I could' corro-

borated her suspicions respecting the effect of Horn's silence on his father's mind.

'It is past Christmas-time, but not too late'—she was going to propose that Horn should be invited to Wapshot, but her heart failed her—to send him some kind message.'

'For which he would be most grateful, I have no doubt,' returned Mr Winthrop coldly. 'You don't know my son, madam, if you imagine that all the paternal affection in the world would give him as much pleasure as a five-pound note. Now, I have not got a five-pound note, or at least any sum that he would think worth his acceptance, to give him.'

'I thought I heard, you say that you had saved money abroad, Miles,' said Mabel diffidently. She half expected an outbreak of irritation, but in place of that, he smiled, as he replied:

'That is for *you*, Mabel—the beginnings of your future fortune, and that of the little one whom we expect. I keep it in the house, so that you always know where to find it. It is in bank-notes, because, if anything were to happen to me upon a sudden, as is quite likely—But there, you are not to be frightened, Mrs Merthyr says, or shocked, or "put about;" so we won't talk of such things.'

Mabel had indeed turned very pale at her husband's reference to the probability of his own decease: it was the idea of all others, the doctor had told her, which was to be studiously kept out of his mind. Her anxiety to avoid it gave her courage to return to a topic scarcely less embarrassing.

'Do you mean to say with respect to this money, Miles, that it is absolutely mine—to do what I like with?'

'Most certainly, it is. From henceforth, you are your own banker.'

'And it would not anger you, Miles, if—if—to prevent ill blood—I was to send some of it to Horn?'

'It would not anger me, Mabel; but you must recollect that though I have given up to you the control of this money, it is not wholly yours. It would be most quixotic to send Horn any considerable portion of it—and I must insist upon your explaining to him, that my own resolve is as firm as ever not to encourage his extravagances; nor is it, mind you, to be given to him as a bribe, to secure us from annoyance. I, for my part, am not to be bullied by my own son; and he is not to come here—that is, not just now, because my health won't stand it—under any pretence whatever.'

It was evident, notwithstanding his affected remonstrances, that Mabel's self-denying proposition was most welcome to her husband; and, indeed, though he was so averse to see his son, he was also almost as much disinclined to break with him openly. There had been scandals enough at the Hall already respecting this young man, and Mr Winthrop did not wish them capped by a family quarrel. Perhaps, too, some sense of the uncertainty of his life might have moved him, thus far, towards reconciliation. At all events, his manner towards Mabel had not been so kind for months as it was now, or his peevish brow so smooth. 'I will bring you an *escritoire*,' said he, 'to form at once your desk and bank in future;' and accordingly, he presently returned with Mrs Merthyr, the two



pushing in that article of furniture between them. It seemed quite a pleasure to him to wait on Mabel.

'The money is in that drawer,' said he; 'and here is the key, if you really wish to play fairy godmother to this scapegrace; though I do believe, Mabel,' added he with a smile as he left the room, 'you are the first step-mother that ever acted that part.'

Mabel opened the drawer, and found herself the possessor of quite a little fortune—two hundred five-pound notes, or a thousand pounds.

Without quite appreciating the immense importance that this sum might possibly be to her, she felt very grateful to her husband for his thought and care in the matter. It by no means struck her, that, situated as Mr Winthrop was with respect to herself, to 'put something by' was a mere act of duty—and far less that a thousand pounds was not so very much to save out of ten times that income. It seemed to her a treasure almost inexhaustible. Her husband had told her that it would be quixotic to send her step-son any considerable share of it; but she felt that she was inclined to be quixotic: she had no intention of bribing him, to secure herself from annoyance, but it was the chief part of her plan to prevent Horn from harassing his father. She had no hopes of awakening any good feeling in him towards either her husband or herself; but if she could only secure peace and quietness—above all, freedom from his presence, and from the apprehension of it—she was prepared to make any sacrifice. With this view she framed her letter. There was no pretence of cordiality in her tone—that was out of the question; it was, in fact, where she referred to herself, one of armed neutrality, though she carefully sought to avoid giving the shadow of offence. Thus, when writing of his father, she abstained from all reference to herself, and spoke of his increasing infirmities, like a doctor writing of his patient to his patient's son, rather than a wife of her husband: she warned him that any moment might deprive him of his parent, and urged him to make some sign of reconciliation or amity while there should yet be time. The whole was as much removed from a 'lecture' as it is possible to imagine: it was not even so much a remonstrance as an appeal. She touched with the utmost delicacy upon the money she was about to enclose. She would have much preferred to have described it as having been sent by Mr Winthrop himself, but this she did not dare to do. She set forth, therefore, in plain words, the fact, that, since no provision had been made for her by settlement, his father had placed a certain sum of money in her own hands; 'of which, lest I should seem to have turned his bounty from its natural channel, I beg your acceptance of the enclosed.'

There was not, of course, the slightest reference to that subject on the ground of which Horn had treated her so insolently; but, unfortunately, as it turned out, the amount she enclosed happened to be precisely the same with that of the anonymous gift she had received at Brackmere. The coincidence, however, did not strike her. She thought that one-fifth of her husband's present would not be so 'considerable a portion' of it as to excite his disapproval, if he should happen to make inquiry in the matter; while, considering that the remaining eight hundred pounds might be all that

she (and hers) might have in the world (in which case Horn would be immensely rich), it seemed a sufficient proportion.

The letter was finished only a few minutes before post-time, and she sharply rang the bell, lest it should not be placed in the bag in time. Mrs Merthyr, who was just now in a state of great though decorous anxiety about her young mistress, answered the summons in person.

'Dear heart! you put me quite in a flutter, madam,' said she; 'and to see you sitting up and writing there, after all, as brisk as a bee! You know, I suppose, by-the-bye, what you have been writing upon? That's my late lady's escritoire, as has stood in the master's room ever since her death. When he asked me to help him push it across into the boudoir, I never was so astonished in my life. There was no piece of furniture in all the house as she set such store by. It stands in its old place now: she never liked to have it out of her sight.' The flourish of the post-horn without put a stop to the old lady's garrulity, and off she hurried with the letter; but she had already excited something of interest in Mabel's mind with respect to her late acquisition. That Mr Winthrop should have made over to her this cherished relic was in itself curious: he had scarcely ever mentioned his late wife since the day when he had shewn Mabel his sketch-book, and indeed it was understood at Wapshot that she was a topic to be avoided.

It was a handsome piece of furniture enough; but what struck Mabel most about it, now that she gave it her attention, was, that it was precisely of the same description as one that had been given to her sister 'Ju.' as a marriage present. The donor, as often happens on such occasions, had not paid much consideration to the exigencies of the case, or he would scarcely have purchased such an 'impediment' for a lady bound for Hong-kong; and in the end it was left at Swallowdip, and sold with the other goods and chattels at the rectory. But Mabel remembered it very well, and now went over every shelf and drawer in the somewhat complex arrangement of its duplicate, with the same certainty as she would have used in the case of the original.

'I wonder, now,' thought she, 'whether I shall find the same little secret drawer, the existence of which poor papa predicted, and which frightened me so when it shot out?'

She sighed as she recalled the picture of her father with his measuring-tape, and his boyish delight at the discovery, which put to shame and silence Fred's incredulous banter, and covered the science of mechanics with glory. She touched the hidden spring, and out flew the drawer like a miniature wagon from a pneumatic tube, and quite as swiftly. Such was the force with which the spring acted, that a small square-folded piece of paper, which formed the contents of the drawer, was thrown into Mabel's lap, as though delivered by some impulsive postman, or (as she afterwards half thought) by a spirit-hand. Without reflecting that the packet, being in so private a repository, might be of a private nature, she opened it. Within it was another enclosure containing a little tuft of hair—or rather, a mere silver fluff of thistle-down, bound by a silken thread. '*My poor darling's hair*' was written within, and a date of about twenty years back. The handwriting she



knew at once to be that of the late Mrs Winthrop (Mrs Merthyr had shewn her some letters of that lady, which she highly treasured, although they were merely notes upon domestic matters, sent to the housekeeper when her mistress was from home); but the expression puzzled Mabel—'*My poor darling's hair!*' That was how a mother would speak of such a relic of her dead child's; but not only had she never heard of Mrs Winthrop having lost an infant, but the date—if such consideration had been needed—made it evident that the words referred to Horn. This simple memento of a dead mother's love went to Mabel's heart. How sad it was to think that the child which, on its arrival, had doubtless seemed so great a blessing, should have grown up to wound the very heart it should have comforted! Heaven grant such misery might never fall to her own lot! Not without reverence did Mabel regard this little symbol of innocence and helplessness, though it had once belonged to one whom she had such cause to dislike and dread. For twenty years it had doubtless been a sacred treasure, the existence of which was known to his mother only; and not less dear, perhaps, had it become, as further and further her son had wandered from guilelessness and love. Perhaps that was the explanation of those plaintive words, '*My poor darling's hair.*' Hopeless Pity and fruitless Care had dictated them.

With reverent fingers, Mabel replaced this shining treasure, and was about to enfold it as before, when she perceived for the first time that there was writing on the inside of the outer sheet also. There were only a few lines in dim and faded ink, tear-spotted too, as the inner paper was, but they could not have rapt her attention more had they appeared in letters of fire upon her chamber-wall.

### TEETH.

EVERY dentist insists upon it that he, above all others, is the one who has made the most felicitous discoveries in odontology. We hear very little about dentist-failures; because those unhappy beings who require a new mouthful of teeth shrink from saying much about it. A good box of ivories is a precious treasure when real, and a costly one when artificial. We ought to have our fair proportion of incisors, to bite through the beef and mutton; and of other teeth, to break and to crack harder substances, by means of saw-like serrations and file-like roughnesses. Professor Owen tells us that the teeth of the lower animals perform many more kinds of work than those of man—weapons of offence and defence, aids to locomotion, means of anchorage, instruments for uprooting or cutting down trees, and apparatus for the transport and working of building materials. As to our own species, he proceeds to say that the milk teeth or children's teeth ought to be twenty in number; comprising four front teeth, or *incisors*; two dog-teeth, or *canines*; and four double teeth, or *molars*, in each jaw. When we come to man's estate, however (or woman's), the permanent teeth should be thirty-two in number, to enable us to seize, tear, divide, pound, and grind our food—four *incisors*, two *canines*, four *premolars*, and six *true molars*, in each jaw. It is rather mortifying to learn that a

pig (who is his own dentist) beats us hollow in this respect; since he has no less than forty-four teeth.

Some old folks cut their teeth when far advanced towards centenarianism. An old woman named Dillon, living near Castlereagh, in Ireland, cut an incisive tooth in the lower jaw when seventy-five years old; it confirmed a strange hallucination with which she had long been possessed—that she had been dead, and was come to life again, with the usual infantine career of teething, &c. Mrs Fussell, living at Acton about a dozen years ago, cut an entirely new set of teeth when about eighty years old, after having been many years toothless. In 1732, Margaret White, of Kirkcaldy, in Scotland, cut eight new teeth in the eighty-seventh year of her age—thus winding up a toothless period of many years. Mrs Page, a dame of Southwark, after being toothless from seventy to ninety years of age, cut several new teeth. The Rev. Samuel Croxall, translator of *Æsop's Fables* from the Greek, 'died of fever, occasioned by the pain he underwent in cutting a new set of teeth at the great age of ninety-three.' Edward Progers, aged ninety-six, died in 1713, 'of the anguish of cutting teeth, he having cut four new teeth, and had several ready to cut, which so inflamed his gums that he died thereof.' The late Sir George Cornwall Lewis was very sceptical as to people ever living to the age of a hundred; he would probably, therefore, have pooh-poohed the story of Robert Lyon of Glasgow, who cut a new set of teeth at the age of a hundred and nine; and still more that of James Hook of Belfast, who, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and at the age of a hundred and twelve, 'gott a new sett of teeth, w<sup>h</sup> has drove out all y<sup>e</sup> old stumps.'

As if to take revenge for these duplications, or rather triplifications of teething, nature sometimes requires us to dispense with dental apparatus altogether. At Gayton-le-Marsh, in Lincolnshire, there is the following epitaph: 'Elizabeth Cook, a poor woman, aged 86, and who never had a tooth, was buried June 11th, 1798.' On the other hand, some folks greatly exceed the orthodox number of thirty-two. Dampier, in his account of the Philippine Islands, says: 'The next day, the sultan came on board again, and presented Captain Read with a little boy; but he was too small to be serviceable on board, and so Captain Read returned thanks, and told him he was too little for him. Then the sultan sent for a bigger boy, which the captain accepted. This boy was a very pretty, tractable boy; but what was wonderful in him, he had *two rows of teeth*, one within another, in each jaw. None of the other people were so; nor did I ever see the like.'

The 'pearly teeth' of the poet and novelist would not be valued by some of the Eastern and Polynesian nations. The Chinese blacken their teeth by chewing the fruit of the areca, or betelnut. The Tonquinese and Siamese gents and belles, in bringing about the same result by nearly the same means, almost starve themselves for three or four days, while the dyeing is going on, lest the food should disturb the dye. The Sunda Islanders sometimes blacken all the teeth but two with burned cocoa-nut; covering the two excepted teeth with thin plates of gold or silver. The Macassar people sometimes pull out two front teeth, in order to supply their place with teeth of pure gold or silver! Two Italian girls, twins,

have been known to have natural teeth of a light red rose colour—both the milk teeth and those which succeeded them.

The charms, omens, signs, panaceas relating to the teeth constitute quite a formidable item in folk-lore. In some parts of Sussex, there is a superstition that if you put on your right stocking, right shoe, and right trouser-leg before the left, you will never have toothache. To drink out of a skull taken from a graveyard; to take a tooth from such a skull, and wear it round the neck; to apply the tooth to your own living but aching tooth; to put a double nut into your pocket; to pare your finger-nails and toe-nails, and wrap up the parings in paper—all are charms against the toothache. If you catch a mole in a trap, cut off one of his paws, and wear it as a charm; you will 'soon see the effect,' provided a right paw be used for a left tooth, and *vice versa*. When an aching tooth is extracted, mix it with salt, and burn it. There is in Norfolk a custom of calling the toothache the 'love-pain,' for which the sufferer is not entitled to any commiseration; whether he (or she) fully assents to this, may perhaps be doubted. Many other items of tooth-lore have no connection with toothache. For instance: if the teeth are set wide apart, there will be good luck and plenty of travelling for the fortunate possessor. When a tooth is drawn, if you refrain from thrusting your tongue into the cavity, the new tooth to grow in its place will be a lucky one. Lady Wentworth, in a letter written in 1713, to her son Lord Strafford, spoke of the efficacy of wolves' teeth set in gold to assist children in cutting their teeth: 'They ar very lucky things; for my twee first one did dye, the other bred his very ill, and none of y<sup>e</sup> rest did, for I had one for al the rest.' Bless the good lady; her grammar and her logic are about on a par!

Why do some people's teeth come out more readily than others? The reasons for this are probably many. About the middle of the last century, Peter Kalm, a Swede, visited America, and wrote sensibly about what he saw. He observed a frequent loss of teeth among settlers from Europe, especially women. After discussing and rejecting many modes of explanation, he attributed it to hot tea and other hot beverages; and came to a general conclusion that 'hot feeders lose their teeth more readily than cold feeders.' Mr Catlin, who some years ago had an interesting exhibition of Indian scenery, dresses, weapons, &c., noticed that North American Indians have better teeth than the Whites. He accounts for the difference in this strange way—that the Reds keep the mouth shut, whereas the Whites keep it open. The teeth, he says, require moisture to keep their surfaces in good working order; when the mouth is open, the mucous membrane has a tendency to dry up, the teeth lose their needed supply of moisture, and thence come discoloration, toothache, tic-douloureux, decay, looseness, and eventual loss of teeth. Mr Catlin scolds the human race generally for being less sensible than the brutes in this respect, and the White race specially in comparison with the Red. We keep our mouths open far too much; the Indian warrior sleeps, hunts, and smiles with his mouth shut, and respires through the nostrils. Among the virtues attributed by him to closed lips, one is excellent—when you are angry, keep your mouth shut.

There is reason to believe that the Greeks and

Romans knew something about false teeth. Martial, in one of his Epigrams, said that Thais's teeth were discoloured, while Lecania's were white. Why? Because the former wore her own teeth, whereas the latter wore those of some other person. There was an old Roman law, which allowed the gold settings of false teeth, or the gold with which they were bound, to be buried or burned with the deceased. There is also some indication that the Greeks were wont to extract teeth, and to fill up decayed teeth with gold. Dentistry was certainly known in England three centuries ago. Blaggrave's *Mathematicall Jewel*, published in the time of Queen Elizabeth, tells us that 'Sir John Blaggrave caused his teeth to be all drawne out, and after had a sett of ivory in agayne.' Ben Jonson, in his *Silent Woman*, published in 1607, makes one of the characters say: 'A most vile face! and yet she spends me forty pound a year in mercury and hog's bones. All her teeth were made in the Black-friars!' An almanac for the year 1709 makes mention of one John Watts, who was the maker of artificial teeth in Racket Court, Fleet Street. The Sunda Islanders at the present day are in the habit of employing their old women to dress up the teeth of the youths and maidens at wooing-time; the canine teeth are filed to a fine smooth edge, and the body of the tooth made concave, or they will notch the edge of the teeth like a fine saw, as an additional means of beautifying. An imperial toothache once made the fortune of a poor barber. The present Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Aziz, having a touch of toothache one day, sent for the court physician; he was hunting, and could not be found. The domestics hurried about Constantinople, and at length found a poor ragged barber-surgeon; they took him to the palace, and furnished him up. He drew the offending tooth, and soothed the pain of the Commander of the Faithful. Whereupon a nice house and sixteen hundred piastres a month were awarded to him.

During the days of the resurrectionists or body-snatchers, when grave-yards were subjected to pillage for supplying anatomists with subjects for dissection, the teeth from the dead bodies formed a frequent article of sale to dentists. Sometimes graves were opened for the teeth alone, as being small and easily concealed articles. Mr Cooper, the surgeon, relates an instance of a man feigning to look out a burial-place for his wife, and thus obtaining access to the vault of a meeting-house, the trap-door of which he unbolted; at night he let himself down into the vault, and pocketed the front teeth of the whole of the buried congregation, by which he cleared fifty pounds! Mention is made of a licensed sutler or cantineer during the Peninsular War, who 'drew the teeth of those who had fallen in battle, and plundered their persons. With the produce of these adventures, he built a hotel at Margate. But his previous occupation being discovered, his house was avoided, and disposed of at a heavy loss.' He afterwards became a dealer in dead men's teeth.

The making of artificial teeth is a trade in which a large amount of ingenuity is displayed, both in the adaptation of new substance, and in the modes of shaping and finishing. When artificial teeth began to be made, instead of using the natural teeth of dead persons, they were made of bone, or the more costly kind of ivory, from the tusks of the elephant, rhinoceros,

hippopotamus, walrus, or narwhal. If only a single tooth were wanted, it was customary to cut a bit of bone to the proper shape, and tie it to the next tooth by a ligature of wire. It is still found that tusk-bone possesses the best combination of properties. It combines, as a learned authority in the dental world tells us, 'lightness, strength, and solidity, with a natural appearance and a certain congeniality to the mouth, possessed by no other material, which render both partial pieces and entire sets at once the most useful substitutes for the lost natural teeth.'

The mechanical dentist must be a genuine workman. When he is about to make bone or ivory teeth, he cuts a tusk into pieces, and shapes each piece by an elaborate series of mechanical processes. Sometimes, for a customer who has plenty of guineas to spare, he will make a whole set, upper or lower, as the case may be, out of one piece. He saws his block of ivory roughly to the size; and then, with infinite patience, files and graves it into shape. He has at hand a model of the patient's gum, and works to that model with exactness. The teeth are not separate pieces; they are cut into apparent rather than real separation, like the teeth of a comb. An artistic workman will take care that the teeth shall present some of that irregularity which our natural grinders always exhibit: a learner falls into the mistake of making them *too* good. Many persons do not like to wear dead people's teeth; there is something uncomfortable in the idea; there is also frequently a germ of decay in such teeth; and these two reasons led to the custom of making artificial ivory teeth. Ivory, however, with all its excellences, becomes discoloured; and hence the chief motive for making teeth of certain mineral or vegetable compositions. There is, in fact, a sort of triangular duel always going on among the ivory dentists, mineral dentists, and vegetable dentists, each class fighting stoutly against both of the others.

Whether your dentist really makes the teeth which he inserts in your cranium, is a question he does not deem it necessary to answer. In truth, he very rarely does anything of the kind. There are certain dealers who sell sets of teeth, half-sets, twos or threes, singles or doubles, front or back, top or bottom, finished or unfinished; as well as all the apparatus and tools required for the dentist's art. And some of these dealers are themselves supplied by manufacturers, who conduct operations on a considerable scale. There is one firm in the metropolis at the head of the trade, who built a really beautiful factory a few years ago, replete with steam-engines, tool-making shops, and all the appliances for a well-organised staff of two hundred operatives. How many incisors and canines, premolars and true molars, such an establishment can turn out in a year, we will leave Cocker to calculate.

Our American cousins, it appears, are not at all behind us in this art; while they are, perhaps, still more ready than ourselves to apply steam-power to its development. A recent computation makes the number of artificial teeth fabricated in the United States as high as three millions annually—symbols (according to some folks' notions) of three million attacks of toothache. In one of the largest and most complete factories, where mineral teeth are made, the chief ingredients comprise felspar,

silica, and clay; those of subsidiary character are sundry metallic oxides, to produce those tints of discoloration which are necessary to make the imitation a good one. The felspar, silica, and clay are ground to an impalpable powder under water, then dried, and made into a paste. The teeth are cast in brass moulds, varied in size and shape to suit the requirements of the mouth. A special kind of paste, to form the enamel, is first put into the mould with a small steel spatula; the platinum rivets, by which the teeth are to be fastened, are adjusted in position; and then the paste forming the body of the tooth is introduced until the mould is filled up. Next ensue powerful pressure and drying. When removed from the mould, the tooth goes through a process called *biscuiting* (analogous to a particular stage in the porcelain manufacture), in which state it can be cut like chalk. It is then sent to the trimmer, who scrapes off all roughnesses and unnecessary projections, and fills up any depressions which may have been left in the operation of moulding. A wash called *enamel* is made, by selecting various ingredients more fusible than those of the tooth, grinding them to a fine powder with water, and applying the thick liquid as paint, by means of a camel-hair pencil. The tooth then goes to the gummer, who applies a gum comprising oxide of gold and other ingredients. At length heat is applied. The tooth, when dried, is put into a muffle, or enameller's oven, where it is placed on a layer of crushed quartz strewed over a slab of fire-resisting clay. After being exposed for a time to an intense heat, the tooth is taken out, and cooled—and there it is, Beautiful for Ever.

## HOW ROBINSON LOST HIS FELLOWSHIP.

### IN SIX CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER III.—TO ST BEEVES AND BACK.

It is not everybody who knows St Beeves; and no wonder: it is so very quiet. It is about sixteen miles from Cambridge, on the Oxington Road; it has a large town-hall, and a small 'look-up.' The size and unused appearance of the place of incarceration spoke volumes for the orderliness of the inhabitants; and it was currently reported that the police force kept up consisted of three constables—one for the day, another for the night, and the third for reserve. Nor, even thus, was the duty severe, for there were no 'beats,' and the constables plied their ordinary occupations (including sleep, in the case of the night-constable) at home until they were sent for. Then, and not till then, they donned their uniforms, armlets, and staves, which were by this means always kept in a sufficiently spick-and-span condition to overawe a drunken rustic.

The road to St Beeves was, as Smith had truly said, a good one for riding or driving; and at either side, stretching for some yards from the low hedges, and fringing the cart-way and carriage-way, were long grassy tracts, beloved of horsemen. There were no 'humbugging trees,' as Smith expressed it, or picturesque scenery 'to get in your way;' and the most interesting object was a turnpike gate.

One incident alone occurred to interfere with the progress of the merry party. Simmonds had



undertaken to drive tandem; and his leader, being more accustomed to go across country than to the duties now expected of him, had not gone more than half a mile before he made a sudden bolt, and disappeared over a hedge, causing great confusion, which could not be remedied until he was taken off, and sent back home by a countryman, leaving Simmonds only the wheeler to drive. This circumstance not only detracted from the dignity of those who sat upon the dog-cart, but rendered useless the bugle which Meredith had brought with him; for, of course, there is nothing about a dog-cart drawn by a single horse to call for a musical accompaniment to the tune of *See the Conquering Hero comes*.

St Beeves was reached in due time; dinner was ordered at the *Dragon*; and the party split up into twos and threes, some to take strolls, some to play billiards, until the hour for dining should arrive.

Robinson was in the condition, as regards 'leather,' of a man who, not having learned the art of riding, and not having been on horseback for many months, has just finished a journey of sixteen miles. Being of an ingenious mind, he took two chairs, set them with one corner of the one touching one corner of the other, and squatted down in such fashion that what had lately been bumping upon the *Ruler's* saddle hung unrestrainedly in mid-air. You may have seen boating-men, at the commencement of regular practice, adopt the same plan. Having thus settled himself, Robinson prepared to watch a game of billiards. But soon his eye was arrested by an advertisement-bill stuck upon the wall. He read it attentively, pondered deeply, and at last chuckled with satisfaction, as Archimedes might have done on a memorable occasion.

'Jack Robinson has thought of a joke,' said Smith to his opponent at billiards.

'Out with it, Robinson!' said Meredith.

'I'll tell you after dinner,' rejoined Robinson.

'I see my way to some fun, I think.'

The advertisement gave notice that Potatau, the famous New Zealand chief, would give an entertainment that evening at the town-hall of St Beeves. Potatau had married an English wife; and he, and his wife, and his daughter would 'illustrate scenes of New Zealand life with real, native costumes, the wedding-dance, and the wardance. Thrilling scene: Potatau and his wife and daughter are supposed to be attacked at midnight by a band of enemies; war-whoops heard in the distance; Potatau preparing to defend himself and family: tableau.'

After dinner, when the merry hearts were still merrier with wine, Robinson unfolded his plan. Why should not the supposed attack become a real one? At a given signal, let himself and two others raise a fearful yell, and leap upon the stage; and let the rest be guided by the consequences, in case combined action might be necessary to effect a rescue or secure a retreat. The proposition was received with acclamation, and the loudest in applause was Meredith, whose spirits rose to a pitch of frenzy at the unexpected chance of still utilising his bugle, a blast whereof was to be the preconcerted signal.

The town-hall was tolerably full; and the conspirators, to escape undue attention, occupied seats in all parts; the three, who were to 'devote themselves,' in the front row. The New Zealander,

though he had a copper-coloured face, fearfully and wonderfully tattooed and painted, was short of stature, spindle-shanked of leg, and not at all a good specimen of the splendid Maori. The wife and daughter were both very comely. The entertainment was of such a character that yawning was becoming general amongst the spectators, when the lights in the hall were lowered, and the stage was darkened for the 'supposed' attack. On a sudden, a terrific blast of a bugle was heard from a remote corner of the hall; and with a howl, like that of avenging demons, Robinson, Gordon, and Simmonds leaped upon the stage. Robinson, flourishing his hunting crop about his head, advanced with bounds upon the undersized New Zealander, who aimed one feeble and ill-directed blow with his tomahawk, and then fled precipitately, exclaiming in his native dialect: 'Get out, ye murderin' villin!' Gordon and Simmonds, having caught mother and daughter round the waist, and assured them there was no occasion to be alarmed, requested the honour of 'just one turn' round the stage; and meeting with a half-laughing, half-crying refusal, released them for the ransom of a single kiss, just as Robinson had turned round from his pursuit of the New Zealander, who vanished behind a red curtain in time to escape from Robinson's rearward delivery of shoe-leather. Robinson would have accosted, with his usual politeness, the two ladies; but each with a cry of 'Impudent wretch!' dealt him a sound box o' the ear, and darted behind the red curtain, to rejoin the New Zealander.

The hall was, of course, a perfect babel. A few laughed heartily, and agreed that it was the best part of the entertainment; but the majority were shocked beyond measure, and called for the police. Ladies shrieked, and husbands and brothers waxed, consequently, furious. Menaces were heard, and 'Insolent collegians!' resounded on all sides. Meanwhile, Robinson, Gordon, and Simmonds had descended from the stage, and, as if by magic, their nine friends, who made the party up to a dozen, had closed round them, and succeeded in getting them down to the door. But, alack! it was locked; and a determined-looking old gentleman, who had, no doubt, had presence of mind to turn the key, and put it in his pocket, shook his fist at Robinson, and shouted: 'I'll have that young ruffian with the broad nose at any price.' At length, the whole police force, consisting of three constables, arrived. They called on the bystanders to 'help in the Queen's name;' and an enthusiastic grocer immediately responded by hitting Robinson a tremendous blow on the nose, whence there spouted a stream which shewed he had no pretensions to 'blue blood.' A fierce fight arose, and amidst shouts of 'Stick to the three that got on the stage; never mind the others,' Robinson, and the grocer, and the 'reserve' tumbled down the steps in a heap. But the old gentleman was there, and animated Robinson's opponents, and called on others to assist, so that Robinson, hatless and tattered, and breathless and bleeding, was lodged safely in the 'lock-up;' wherein he was speedily joined by Simmonds and Gordon, who, not having been struck on the nose, and having been kindly recommended to 'go quietly,' as numbers were overwhelmingly against them, had listened to reason, to the great advantage of their personal appearance and their garments.

The comrades of the three prisoners now

dispersed to seek bail, which it was no easy task to obtain amongst the generally exasperated town-folk; and it was half-past two in the morning before their task was accomplished, and the captives were released, to appear before the mayor the same morning at eleven. In the meanwhile, Robinson, who had felt all the effects of reaction, and was the victim of remorse, was diverting his fellow-prisoners. They could hear him from their respective cells (for the lock-up had three) appealing to what he was pleased to term the 'jailer,' in terms of abject entreaty.

'Jailer,' urged he, 'will you let us out?'

No reply.

'*Dulce est desipere in loco*, jailer,' said he again coaxingly.

'You don't get a sip o' nothink 'ere,' rejoined a gruff voice.

'I've worked hard, jailer, for three whole months; and the very first holiday I take, I'm locked up in a dungeon.'

'A little work on the tread-mill 'd do the likes o' you good.'

'I'll give you five pounds, jailer, if you'll only let us out.'

This remark evidently caused some perturbation, for the 'reserve,' who was keeping guard outside the door, through perforations in which he was addressed by Robinson, audibly groaned, and shook the door with emotion, as he leaned against it, and whispered: 'If you'd said you was goin' to be'ave like a gen'lman when we was lyin' in the gutter together, somethink might 'a bin done; but it's too late to be'ave like a gen'lman now.'

And then the bail came, and the captives went free.

So soon as the party started homewards, Robinson would fain have walked his horse all the way, as he felt the full truth of the saying that 'there is nothing like leather.' But the *Ruler*, whether it were that he had been indulged with unaccustomed oats at St Beeves, or that he was alarmed at keeping such late hours, or that he snuffed 'hay-bands' from afar, started off at his most dromedary-like and excruciating trot, so that he headed the procession, and presented to appreciative spectators the ridiculous spectacle of Robinson without a hat, and with his coat torn right up his back, swaying from side to side, and literally roaring with pain. With the help of Smith, who rode a swift mare, and soon reached him, he managed to stop the *Ruler*; and then Meredith, a good-natured fellow and a first-rate rider, gave up his place in the dog-cart to Robinson, and got upon the *Ruler's* back, which the *Ruler* had great reason to regret. And so Cambridge was reached soon after 4 A.M.; and the party separated, going in different directions, according to their colleges.

Robinson, and Simmonds, and the other men belonging to St Margaret's, had often responded to the porter's language of the eye, which usually expressed half-a-crown as plainly as if the image of the coin had been imprinted upon the retina; but that experienced officer, having taken one searching look at Robinson, and having quickly arrived at the conclusion that 'things wouldn't end there,' put aside the proffered coins with a wave of the hand and a regretful shake of the head, and virtuously recorded their names and the exact time at which they had come in; which was more lucky for him than for Robinson.

#### CHAPTER IV.—BEFORE THE MAYOR.

After three hours of fitful and feverish sleep, poor Robinson arose in a state of mental and bodily pain, and having taken a far from cheerful breakfast, was driven over to St Beeves by his co-culprit Simmonds. Gordon, who belonged to Unity, came over to St Margaret's, and was driven by Meredith. And many sympathising friends, or merely curious acquaintances, either drove or rode to be present at 'the trial.'

On the road, Robinson bewailed his hard fate; as sure as ever he took a holiday, he said, he was 'certain to get into some infernal scrape.' And it was true; for Robinson resembled, in temperament, those teetotallers who practise total abstinence for a long time, but occasionally have a relapse, and when they do 'break out,' go, literally, 'the whole hog.' Whatever Robinson did, he did with all his might; he would read hard for three or four months at a stretch, and then some fatal day would come when he would determine to 'unbend,' as he expressed it, and his unbending always brought about some undoing. The consequence was, that though Robinson was, on the whole, by far the most studious man in St Margaret's, and had, on the whole, indulged in by far the fewest excesses, he was in worse odour than any other man with the college authorities. He had once sat upon the top of a lamp-post, on a very foggy night, and led his purblind tutor a long dance round the bottom, by covering the light with his gown, and calling to the tutor by name to 'help a poor creature who had met with an accident.' A fortuitous policeman with a lantern discovered him; and his tutor never forgave him, though the distinction he was likely to win for the college had saved him from condign punishment.

The bail had no great cause for anxiety, for the culprits appeared punctually at eleven o'clock. The mayor heard the matter in his private room; and the friends of the defendants were admitted on presentation of their cards. It is to the point to remark that to a woman's eye both Gordon and Simmonds were likely to be most interesting and pleasing objects; they were both unusually well-favoured, and you would have given the preference only according as you preferred an aquiline or a straight nose. They both smiled pleasantly and bowed easily to the two lady complainants, who regarded them by no means truculently; but to Robinson's more elaborate greeting, vouchsafed only a disdainful toss of the head. Whereat Robinson began to handle his nose, which had not been improved by the blow it had received, and to take sidelong glances at the corresponding feature upon the faces of Simmonds and Gordon. He then shrugged his shoulders, and looked ruefully resigned.

The New Zealander, whose face was still in the condition suitable to a noble savage, but who was dressed in the garments of civilisation, stated his case with much volubility and great fairness; and ended by expressing a desire, so far as he was personally concerned, to withdraw from the charge, as he knew what young gentlemen were, and had no desire to injure them, and no ill-will against them. Robinson, who had heard his lingo before, was not surprised to find it exactly like English, pronounced with the Irish brogue; but on some of the audience it produced such an effect that they

were convulsed with laughter, and had to be reproved by the mayor. The ladies were then requested to state their charge; and they, having spent the time required for the speech of the eloquent New Zealander in exchanging glances with the handsome Gordon, and the equally engaging-looking Simmonds, replied, with wonderful unanimity, that they had 'no objections to those two gentlemen, who had done nothing worth speaking of.'

'But,' said the mother, turning fiercely on Robinson, '*that man* be'aved like a ruffian!' And the daughter echoed her mother's words, the truth of which the New Zealander corroborated.

Robinson merely shrugged his shoulders, and manipulated his nose.

The mayor told Gordon and Simmonds that, as there was no charge against them, they might retire; and then called on Robinson for his defence.

'It's all the fault of my nose, your worship,' said Robinson.

'Sir!' cried the astonished mayor.

'It has pleased Nature, your worship,' rejoined Robinson blandly, 'to plant a kidney-potato instead of a nose in the middle of my face.'

'You must show proper respect for the court, sir,' said the mayor sternly.

'I wish to do so, your Worship,' replied Robinson; 'and I beg to state respectfully, but emphatically, my belief that, the noble savage (if I may venture to call him so) having withdrawn his charge in the generous manner which became his nature, the rest was a mere question of nose. Perhaps I can express my meaning better if I paraphrase the lines of a Latin poet, with whom your Worship is doubtless familiar.'

'No, sir, no,' interrupted the mayor with precipitation, 'I have only a plain duty to perform; I must fine you ten pounds.'

'Ten!' exclaimed Robinson aghast; 'I've only brought five; and I lost a hat and a coat in the—scrimmage.'

'Five for each assault,' observed the mayor with dignity; 'and you are lucky to get off without imprisonment. I hear there was a most disgraceful scene, and that others might have come forward with complaints.'

The necessary five pounds were soon handed to Robinson, who paid his fine, bowed to the mayor, made the best of his way back to college, and to all pressing invitations to spend the day 'down the river or somewhere,' made the same dry answer: 'I'll not shew my nose out of college (bar "constitutentials") till the end of term: it has cost me ten pounds this very morning.'

And he kept his word faithfully.

#### CHAPTER V.—THE MASTER OF ST MARGARET'S.

The master of St Margaret's was, so far as the undergraduates were concerned, little more than a living statue. He was a very fine statue, however; and a credit to his college whenever he stood amongst the other 'heads.' He was then as conspicuous as a thoroughbred in a field of cart-horses. Nobody knew what the duties of a master were; and so it was universally supposed that he performed them rigorously. He drew his salary, it was believed, regularly; he was always 'up' when he was expected to be, and 'down' when it was the

custom that he should be; and he was possessed of private property in the shape of an estate in the north. He punctiliously acknowledged salutations; and the way in which he took off his hat or cap would have become Sir Charles Grandison. But no undergraduate (of St Margaret's), as a recipient of hospitality, ever set foot within 'the lodge'; he did not know the undergraduates, who were only some forty in number, by sight, so as to distinguish them by name; he never said a word, save in the shape of official reprimand, to any one of them; and he never inquired into their circumstances, or gave a fatherly hint to any rattle-brained, but promising youth. But woe betide that promising youth, if he came before the master for offences committed! The master was tall, upright, well-made, smileless, and unutterably cold. One glance of his gray eye would make you feel instantaneously *frappé* on the hottest day of the May-term. He had to wife a she-statue; and it was pronounced 'good in Smith,' when Smith remarked that he 'supposed they had both lost their hearts before they married, and had never got them back again.' And every one marvelled how the two statues could have been the parents of Philommeides; for she was bright and smiling as a sunny day; and the Red Indians would have called her Minniehaha, but the undergraduates said Philommeides.

Now, two days after the affair at St Beeves, the master was sitting in his study, and in his hands was a specimen of the work performed by that terror of evil-doers—the British press, which is the most powerful instrument imaginable for the suppression of public misconduct on the part of all who have any self-respect, or are in any way under authority. The British press sometimes plumes itself upon, and crows loudly over its prowess; but when we consider that its main object is to make pounds, shillings, and pence, by pandering to human curiosity, we are inclined to smile contemptuously at its lofty pretensions. We gladly avail ourselves of the scavenger, but don't think much of him as a moral philosopher or a teacher of culture. Well, the master was reading a paragraph sarcastically headed 'Scholars and Gentlemen at St Beeves,' and ending: 'The three chief offenders gave the names of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, which there is every reason to believe are fictitious, as two of the "gentlemen" shewed unmistakable signs of belonging to the highest aristocracy.'

For Robinson, obstinately insisting that there could be no object in his adopting an *alias*, had given his name as 'Jack' Robinson (which had been taken by the official as a pleasant piece of facetiousness); and Gordon and Simmonds, notwithstanding Smith's generous assurance that 'any fellow was welcome to use his name,' had preferred to assume others almost equally illustrious. Christian names and colleges had either escaped the notice, or been concealed from the all-seeing eye of the British press; or, peradventure, had been considerably withheld. However, it was long a matter of dispute whether the loss of Robinson's fellowship were due more to his having given his real name, and so attracted the attention of some don, who 'spotted' it at once, or to the porter's never-before-remembered refusal of several half-crowns.

Robinson's own theory was that, whatever names



had been given, the master, who was in his youth a high wrangler, would have succeeded in putting two and two together; and having had his attention drawn by the tutor to an unusually grave infraction of college rules, would have connected therewith the graphic story related by the British press.

At anyrate, the master laid down the British press, rang his bell, gave a slip of paper to a manservant; and in a quarter of an hour was confronted by Robinson, Simmonds, and the others who had been so grievously belated.

There were no seats, no greetings, no amenities for undergraduates: he stood, and they stood.

'I don't wish to put you to indignity,' he said, 'or I might easily send for some one to confirm or dispel my suspicions by a process of identification; but I suppose you have at least so much gentlemanly feeling as to know what is required of you when you are put upon your honour. Now, on your honour, do you—any of you—know anything of this?'

He put the fatal paragraph before them, and for a minute there was a dead silence. And then Robinson, having exchanged glances with his comrades, and encountered nods of assent, with whispers of 'Yes, of course,' answered: 'Yes, sir; we do.'

'All of you?'

'Yes.'

'Which is Robinson?'

'I am.'

'Are you Percy George Molyneux Robinson?'

'Yes.'

'You have won several university distinctions, I believe?'

'Yes, sir, I have,' replied Robinson bitterly; 'and you don't even know me by sight.'

The master did not wince in the least, but remarked icily: 'Confine yourself to answering my questions, sir.—And you have more than once been leniently treated for outrageous offences?'

Robinson looked down for a moment, and then answered with some emotion: 'I very gratefully confess that I have.'

'You expect to be high in the Classical Tripos: if you were "sent down," you could not go out in honours. What would be the consequences?'

'Probably ruin,' answered Robinson in a low voice.

'You have no private means, then?'

'No.'

'Ah, I see.—And which is Brown?'

'An out-college man,' answered Simmonds.

'His name and college?'

'I decline to say, sir.'

The master eyed him sternly, but merely asked: 'And which is Jones?'

'I am,' answered Simmonds.

'There is no such name on the college books,' said the master.

'My *real* name is Simmonds,' remarked that august personage with an air of superiority, as if he were not conscious that clan Jones wouldn't touch clan Simmonds with the tongs.

'Oh! A false name and address, like a common pickpocket,' was the master's supercilious comment. The blood of all the Simmondses took fire.

'Excuse me, sir,' said Simmonds respectfully, but boldly; 'I was not bound to render myself liable to two tribunals; and it couldn't matter the

least under what name I answered for my offence at St Beeves, so long as I did not cheat my bail.'

'Let me tell you, sir,' rejoined the master austere, 'when a gentleman, belonging to a public body, misconducts himself, he is bound to make the matter as strictly personal as possible. As the whole is greater than the part, so the university is of more importance than a single college. Your conduct would have reflected disgrace upon yourselves and your college alone, had your names and addresses been given; as it is, it compromises the whole university, for which I am more than ever called upon to be jealous this year, as I happen to be vice-chancellor. Still, as I do not wish to *ruin* anybody' (looking significantly at Robinson) 'you may go. But bear in mind that this disreputable conduct will not be forgotten, and that it may hereafter bring its punishment in a way you little dream of.'

And the master stalked away (without any greeting, of course).

The culprits departed, for the most part highly delighted; but Robinson boded ill, nor did his comrades find their future unaffected by the past.

#### CHAPTER VI.—EXEAT ROBINSON.

It was Robinson's last May-term. It passed; 'the Long' passed; the October term passed; the Christmas vacation passed; and Robinson 'passed' the Mathematical Tripos 'with honours.' Then came the Classical Tripos; and on the evening of the last day, when Robinson emerged from the senate-house, he felt like Christian released from his bundle. He was pretty well pleased with his performance; his 'long days of labour and nights devoid of ease' were over for a time; and he was confident that he would be placed high enough to obtain in due course the reward of a fellowship. He slept that night the sleep of a man whose toil has come to an end, and from whom all irksome tension has been withdrawn. He was enjoying, the next morning, the luxury of lying in bed as long as he pleased, and had just turned over for a comfortable extra doze, when his 'gyp,' James the impenetrable, entered his bedroom, and put into his hands a slip of paper. There was expression in the face even of James; and Robinson, at that unwonted sight, sat up hastily and read. The words were few and easily understood:

March 12, 18—.

EXEAT ROBINSON.

Marmaduke Grenville,  
Master.

Robinson stared at them fixedly and aghast; for he had no home, no friends, no money beyond a pound or two. He was a scholar of St Margaret's, and he had calculated on 'staying up' and taking his ease, at anyrate until the 'list came out,' and he discovered 'where he stood.' His scholarship and his exhibitions had still some months to run, and would suffice to pay his college bills; but so far from having anything at present due to him, he feared he was in arrears. However, he merely said quietly to James: 'All right, James. Pack up all the things I generally take down with me; I can send for the rest.'

'I 'ope I don't take a liberty, sir, but I'm hanged if I ever see such a thing as this,' rejoined James, as he turned away to do as he was bid.

Robinson, having had an interview with his

tutor, who was a kind-hearted man, and advanced him some funds on account of his exhibitions, 'went down,' and never 'came up' again, save to take his degree of Master of Arts.

The 'list' came out, and Robinson was high in the first class; but whenever there was a vacancy amongst the fellowships, he was passed over. And he had no difficulty in divining the cause; for the influence of the relentless master was paramount at St Margaret's.

But when six revolving years were over, he ceased to care about fellowships. He had been obliged, five years before, to relinquish with a sigh all hopes of the woollack; he had donned the white tie, and devoted his talents to the great cause of education; his place in the Classical Tripos had obtained for him a pretty lucrative post; and that post was in the north, where the master of St Margaret's had an estate.

And so strange are the decrees of Nemesis, that he who had prevented Robinson from obtaining a fellowship, had to compensate the same Robinson by a gift which made a fellowship impossible—by the gift of Philommedes' hand.

For Philommedes had heard the story of Robinson, and pitied him; and pity is akin to love.

And this is how Robinson twice lost his fellowship. But he grew quite reconciled to the loss, as well as to his name and his 'kidney potato,' when he found that Philommedes was content to share them.

#### A NOVELIST'S GRIEVANCE.

THE philosopher who composed the essay 'On the Naming of Books,' was either not a writer of fiction, or else, in the days in which he wrote, novelists were not, as now, as the sands of the sea innumerable; otherwise he would certainly have said something of Duplicate Titles. At present, it is quite unusual for a story to be published without some accusation being brought against its title on the score of plagiarism. It is plain that no writer in his senses would borrow for his book any well-known name, such as *Ivanhoe*, or *The Woman in White*, with the intent to promote its circulation; while to borrow from an unknown author can evidently profit him nothing. It might, therefore, be concluded, without any great stretch of charity, that whenever he is so unfortunate as to name his literary offspring after some one else's child, that he has done so by an undesigned coincidence. This mischance, however—which, under present circumstances, can hardly be avoided—may give offence, and be alleged to be an infringement of copyright. It is true the law is not distinct upon this point; and that is what we seriously complain of. Justice is evidently on the side of the person who first issues his work, since nothing but good can possibly be done to a still-born book by the publication of a lively one of the same name; while, if it be also still-born, there is no harm done; but then Law is not always on the side of Justice. In this very case, for instance, the law pretends to have provided means for the prevention of this new Calamity of Authors in the institution of the copyright books in Stationers' Hall. But these books are valueless, for the simple reason, that you cannot find out what is in them. Instead of the titles registered being entered alphabetically in one lot, as in all well-indexed library catalogues, they are only

so entered *year by year*; so that the inquirer would have to examine all the volumes for the whole term of copyright before he could discover whether the title sought was registered or not. Even that an honest novelist would perhaps be content to do; but yet it would avail him nothing, since the said titles are arranged indifferently by name or by the name of their authors. Now, as the writer of a recent letter to the *Times* upon this grievance has observed: 'If one has never heard of Mr Jones's novel, how much less likely is it that one should ever have heard of Mr Jones?'

At present, therefore, it is utterly impossible to steer clear of trouble by any precaution that the law has provided; and we have only to remark how many books have to change their titles in the course of publication (no less than three have done so within the last twelve months), to realise the inconvenience resulting from such a state of things. It is impossible but that involuntary offences of this kind should sometimes occur. A gentleman writes to us, for instance, to complain that the title of the novel at present running through these pages, *Won—not Wooded*, is taken from a certain play of his, unacted and unprinted, but the existence of which in manuscript is mentioned, it appears, many months ago in the column devoted to 'Theatrical Gossip in the *Athenæum*. If we had ever read that column, or heard of his play, it is needless to say we should have adopted some other title for our story; what we did do was to invent it for ourselves (which, it seems, he refuses to believe), and then make a diligent search at Stationers' Hall, to guard, so far as was possible for us, against plagiarism. We did not find the title—which, as it happens, was not there—but it might have been there, hidden under the author's name, and defied our scrutiny. So far as he is concerned, we have only to express our sincere regret for the involuntary coincidence of title; but supposing that his unacted play had been a published novel, with the name of which we were unacquainted (and who does know all the names of all the novels published within the term of copyright?), and that he had registered it under his own name, would it not have been hard upon us, who took all the precaution within our power to avoid trespass, to find that we had committed what would be construed into a wrong after all? Two things are clearly incumbent upon the legislature to provide with respect to this matter: (1) All books must be registered by their titles, not, as now, indifferently by their titles or the names of their authors; (2) The books must be so kept that the information sought may be readily obtained.

In the hope that some M.P. with a kindly feeling towards literature will endeavour to bring about the reforms here suggested, we shall, in the case before us, act in the way we have always done since the commencement of our labours nearly forty years ago; that is, endeavour to avoid all grounds of offence. Accordingly, the novel in question appearing in these pages will in future, and on republication, bear the title, *Not Wooded, but Won*. At the same time, we trust that the play whose title we thus abandon, will meet with all the success which its author can anticipate.

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